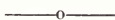


17.
CEREMONIES

ATTENDANT UPON

THE UNVEILING OF A BRONZE BUST AND
GRANITE MONUMENT OF

REV. JOHN RANKIN.



Order of Exercises:



ORATION BY J. C. LEGGETT.

ADDRESSES BY

MR. J. S. ATWOOD, REV. A. T. RANKIN,
REV. W. A. JACKSON, REV. S. G. W. RANKIN.

SONNET BY CHAMBERS BAIRD.

POEM BY MRS. LUCY D. SNEDAKER.

HISTORY BY CAPT. R. C. RANKIN.

TO JOHN RANKIN.

SONNET.

Grand pioneer in Freedom's holy cause,
The praise and honor thine, who battled long,
And didst assail the citadel of wrong
With dauntless faith, and courage without pause,
Despite the throttling power of evil laws
That made the bondsman's shackles doubly strong,
And would make freemen slaves in common throng,
Whilst cowards gave assent and meek applause.

Dear Hero of our age, thy work is o'er,
Thou canst and needst no more thy warfare wage,
In peace and joy thou sawst thy latest sun;
Thou hast the victor's crown forevermore,
And leav'st to us for blessed heritage
The faith well-kept, the good fight fought—and won!

May, 1892.

CHAMBERS BAIRD.

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REV. JOHN RANKIN.

DEDICATION OF A BRONZE BUST AND GRANITE MONUMENT

IN MEMORY OF A FAMOUS ABOLITIONIST AND RIPLEY'S
MOST NOTED CITIZEN.

[TAKEN FROM THE RIPLEY BEE.]

THURSDAY, May 5th, 1892, was the occasion of one of the most memorable and interesting celebrations ever witnessed in Ripley, being the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling and dedication of a bronze bust of Rev. John Rankin, the famous pioneer Abolitionist. This bust was modelled by Mrs. Ellen Copp, of the Chicago Art School, daughter of Dr. Andrew Rankin, and grand-daughter of Rev. John Rankin, and a lady who has achieved a high reputation for her art work. The event was also made the occasion of a reunion of the Rankin family, and was attended by many relatives and friends from far and near. The affair was happily favored with beautiful weather, and was carried out most successfully in all its details.

The program of the day was begun at 10:30 o'clock a. m., at the Presbyterian Church, which was well filled with an attentive audience. Capt. R. C. Rankin, the Marshal of the Day, was master of ceremonies. The exercises were opened by scripture readings and prayer, and the rendering of two beautiful songs by a large class of school children, under the direction of Rev. Jacob Pister, musical instructor, who accompanied them on the pipe organ.

Then came the principal event of the day, the address by Mr. J. C. Leggett on the life and character of Rev. John Rankin. Mr. Leggett had made his subject an object of close study and patient historical research, and his address was one of his ablest and happiest efforts. He opened by tracing Mr. Rankin's descent from sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestors. In choice style he then narrated the principal facts in Mr. Rankin's varied and adventurous career. These biographical details were followed by an exhaustive and impressive eulogy of the firm principles, grand efforts and wide influence of the great abolitionist,

who was eminent as preacher, teacher, author, lecturer, leader and patriot. Inspired by his splendid subject, Mr. Leggett fully rose to the demands upon him, and his address was distinguished for thought, scholarship, eloquence, force and beauty of language. His delivery was also excellent and attractive, impressing close attention. The effort was greatly admired and appreciated, and justly adds to his extended reputation as an author and lecturer.

At the conclusion of the magnificent address, another fine chorus was sung by the school children, and the audience then dispersed for the concluding exercises at Maplewood cemetery. Numerous conveyances were ready at hand and a large number of people were soon assembled about the Rankin lot and monument, where seats and a low platform were provided.

Without formality, Mr. J. S. Atwood was called upon to perform the ceremony of unveiling. In a few stirring, eloquent words he paid lavish tribute to the grand old man whom it was his pleasure to honor. He then tore away the national flag that enfolded the bust. A moment of impressive silence and admiration followed. Brief addresses were then delivered by Rev. A. T. Rankin, Rev. Sam'l Rankin and Rev. W. A. Jackson. A beautiful anthem was then sung by an Afro-American choir, and with a prayer by Rev. Best, the exercises were concluded.

The bronze bust in question is a beautiful piece of work, finely modelled and handsomely finished, a successful and artistic creation. It is also a speaking likeness of the subject, who is well remembered by our people as in life. The base and pedestal are of rough-hewn Vermont granite, emblematic of the stern, rugged and heroic nature of the man. On the smooth front face is carved the simple inscriptions:

"JOHN RANKIN,
1793—1886.
JEAN LOWRY, HIS WIFE,
1795—1878.
Freedom's Heroes."

The exercises concluded, the group was photographed, and the Rankin party and guests then returned to town for dinner at the Bank Hotel. About fifty were in attendance. Before rising at the close, thanks were voted on behalf of the Rankin family to Mr. J. C. Leggett, who genially responded. By request, the address of Mr. Leggett will be printed in pamphlet form. To Mrs. Ellen Copp, the artist, who was present, to the school children and leader and School Board, to the Wesleyan Church Choir, to George Parker, of the Bank Hotel, to J. S. Atwood and D. C. Coughlin for livery favors, and to L. Grim for chairs and services.

Among those present were Capt. R. C. Rankin and family, Rev. S. W. Rankin, of Hartford, Conn., Dr. A. C. Rankin and daughter, Mrs. Ellen Copp, of Chicago, Rev. Arthur T. Rankin, D. D., and wife, of Greensburg, Ind., John T. Rankin, wife and daughter, of Indiana, Miss

Isabella Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. David Nixon and daughter, and Mrs. Lida Gray and daughter, of Ironton, Ohio, Mrs. Belle Cleveland and daughter, of Augusta, Ky., and others, with numerous relatives who reside here, represented by the Lowry, Carey, Stallcup and Courtney families and connections.

THE PROGRAM.

The opening of the exercises by the reading of the scriptures and prayer was emblematic of the Christian character of the Rev. John Rankin.

The music furnished by the pupils of the Union School is a tribute to John Rankin as an educator.

The address of J. C. Leggett was a grand tribute to John Rankin, and the sturdy Scotch-Irish race from which he descended.

The bust being enveiled in the National Flag, is characteristic of the patriotism of the Rankin family.

The rendering of an anthem by an Afro-American choir is appropriate for the great work rendered by him for their race.

ADDRESS OF MR. J. C. LEGGETT.

The services that call for this gathering to-day are of especial interest. They are to dedicate a monument purposed to mark the last resting place, and perpetuate the features at least, so far as this may be done in metal of a great and good man; a man, who for a long life stood a head and shoulders above his surroundings, and was a factor in every important public movement current in his day. In rearing this memorial, filial veneration and love have completed that which should have been the spontaneous outburst of a disenthralled people.

This monument, chaste in design, and this bust, faithful in portraiture, modelled by the skillful hands of Mrs. Ella Copp, his granddaughter, is not needed to fix remembrance of the one who underlies it, in the minds and hearts of family and friends. That has been done long enough ago, and so indelibly have the virtues of the deceased been imprinted thereon that the blotting of them out is past a peradventure; but a new generation has arisen since the departure of the Rev. John Rankin from the sphere of his usefulness, and to them his name and works are simply history. It is too true, that in the progress of this busy world and amid the jostling of events, there is danger the pioneer may be forgotten: that the lessons of his life, active though they may be in principle, and as effective for good, may be attributed to others, and the justly earned reputation of a life full of good works, be obscured by failure to place his name, delineate his features and mark his

hallowed dust in such way that they may remain an object lesson and a reminder to youth. For such purpose a monument has been erected and I have been requested, upon this, the day of its dedication, to pronounce a brief sketch of the life of the one it is designed to commemorate; to touch upon a few points of his long career in hope it may render them familiar to those who had known him not in life. It is a grateful duty, and my only regret is I may not be able to present them in such able words as his many virtues warrant. In preparing this paper I have drawn largely from data furnished me by Capt. R. C. Rankin, known to you all as a gallant soldier and a good citizen.

THE REV. JOHN RANKIN was born in Jefferson County, East Tennessee upon the fourth of February, 1793. His ancestry was good. He came of that sturdy Scotch-Irish Presbyterian stock, that for long has been noted for their sterling qualities of mind and heart. A people ever tenacious of their rights and bold in their defense of them—above all lovers of human liberty—invincible in controversy and undaunted in action, capable, energetic and reliable. A people who adopted the scripture as the rule and guide of their daily walk in life and rarely deviated from the precepts taught therein. Their firmness occasionally reaching obstinacy, but never oppression. A stock, too, that transmits its characteristics from generation to generation, so much so that the qualities of the forefathers are plainly discernable in the latest generation. It was such conditions as these that gave Mr. Rankin his force of character and strength of mind.

The Scotch-Irish people have ever been in the forefront of the world's progress. Refused religious toleration in their native country, they willingly, though sorrowfully left it, crossed the fretful waters of the Irish Sea and fixed themselves in the northern part of Ireland. Behold what change they wrought! They caused the hitherto neglected country to blossom as the rose. They founded substantial cities and provided means of defence. They erected houses for worship and maintained the means of grace in all their purity and usefulness. While they endeavored to follow peace with all men and holiness, they were by no means non-combatants. On the contrary they were able to take care of themselves, and upon provocation would retaliate in such hearty manner that their assailants had cause to beware of them. They did not neglect material affairs for things spiritual but established industries taught them by the Huguenots that are extant to-day. The productions of their looms made them famous—they are known and regarded the world over. Irish linens, poplins, and laces are sought for in every mart of this globe. In time when governmental oppression began to bear heavily upon them, their spirit of independence and self-assertion rose to the occasion. In the civil conflict which dispossessed James II, of England, of his throne, they were quick to array themselves upon the side of political and religious liberty. When threatened with vengeance and punishment, their courage was

undaunted. When assailed, their military ardor was fanned to a white heat and no thought of cringing or backwardness entered their minds. With them it was war to the knife and the knife to the hilt; not a war of aggression, but a war of defense.

Later on, when Lord Antrim led his army against them, they never quailed. With sudden resolution they abandoned their homes, sought refuge in the fortified city of Londonderry and prepared to meet the worst. It was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Elder, Adam Murray, who during that dreadful and appalling siege of one hundred and five days, furnished the inspiration of defence, who fought as well as prayed, who held in check the insubordinate and sustained the weak, but with no thought of surrender. When relief came, it found them starved, worn, stricken, and dying, but not crushed. The everlasting love of liberty and right, the fixity of purpose when once resolved, the inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable desire, of undying adherence to principle sustained them in their hour of need. It was good stock; there was and now is, none better, none braver, none truer. With them resistance to tyranny was obedience to God and their hearts resolve was strictly in accord with this tenet.

In the defense of Londonderry, I am told by Rev. Best, whose knowledge of the history of these events is much greater than mine that in the list of the defenders of this ill-fated city, the name of Rankin occurs as instanced in this, upon the 29th day of July, anno domini, 1689, an address was issued, signed by the governor, officers, clergy and other gentlemen in the city and garrison of Londonderry, expressing gratitude to God for his protection, and also thankfulness to William and Mary, King and Queen of England, for their timely assistance. To this address the name of one Alexander Rankin, is affixed.

In the gallant defence of Enniskillen, it was not different; in the important battle of Newtown Butler, the indomitable spirit of right as before asserted its force. It was hunger, it was travail, it was pain, it was suffering, it was death all down the line; but what of that? Their liberty was asserted and their rights maintained. When they increased in numbers, and new settlements gave them promise of betterment, they spread over the face of the earth and with what a record. No Scotch-Irish community ever tamely rested under oppression, and oppression never existed where they held abiding place. On this side the water, they readily took up the cause of liberty, and no men ever bared their breasts or wielded their weapons with more devotion to its maintenance. With the many Scotch-Irish Emigrants to North America at that period, came Thos. Rankin, grandfather of him of whom I speak.

Through the Revolution, from Concord to Yorktown, upon every sea, even in the very harbors of the mother country, as did Paul Jones, were the Scotch-Irish brave, tender and true. For three hundred

years, there have been born patriots of that race, ready to strike blows, sturdy and effective in the cause of constitutional government and human liberty. It was from such people as these that Mr. Rankin came. From them he received his trend of character, and by them was he trained in the right and educated in virtue. I shall have occasion before I have done to speak of his gallant, persistent and untiring battle against human slavery. Where did he get that spirit of revolt against this evil? From whence came this inspiration for good? It is plain to be seen—it was born in him. It was the indomitable spirit of Alexander Rankin, of Londonderry, reasserting itself in a later generation through one of his descendants. It was a strain of inheritance. Mr. Rankin could no more have submitted to, and condoned the great wrong of human slavery than he could have taken wings and soared through the air. His love of liberty and resistance to slavery was from on high; first God given, then transmitted to him through the generations of his strain of blood. His attitude upon this question was not the result of an impulse, it was an inheritance.

The parents of Mr. Rankin, especially the mother, were great bible readers, and believed with Paul, "the scriptures to be profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The son early became inbred with the spirit of them, and read them daily. However, his other reading was not neglected. In his youth books were not easily obtained. The printing press had not as yet done the work it was destined in after years to do. It needed the inspiration of such men as Mr. Rankin, who had known and felt the lack of a proper diffusion of useful knowledge, to give it the impetus which afterwards made it such a power, and caused the church organizations of the land to see the importance of meeting with valuable publications the needs of Christian youth.

At the age of 17 he began to prepare himself for a higher education, and under the tutorage of the Rev. Thos. Henderson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Dandridge, Tenn. so far perfected himself that in time he was enabled to enter Washington College, located at Jonesborough, and presided over by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Doake. Here he continued to the end of the collegiate course: however, he remained, continuing his theological studies until 1816, in which year he received license to preach from the Presbytery of Abington, Va. During the pursuit of his studies he evidently found time to indulge in other and more tender thoughts. Courtship had employed at least a portion of his time, for upon January 2nd of this year 1816, he was united in marriage with Miss Jean Lowry, a grand-daughter of his preceptor. This marriage was a perfect one, and eventually thirteen children, nine sons and four daughters, blessed it, all of whom lived to be men and women, self-sustaining and heads of families. The highest encomium that could be pronounced upon this happy union were the words of a son, who stated that he was grown and out in the world before it ever occurred

to him that variances could exist between husband and wife, so harmonious was their home. So perfectly adjusted were the relations of parent to parent that he could not conceive how it could be otherwise. It seemed to him that the twain had become one flesh and one mind. The commands of father were not countermanded by mother, and the wishes of the mother were not criticised by father. A sure clearance when under censure to one was to say "the other bid me do it." In a large degree the ministerial and literary success of Mr. Rankin throughout life was due to the comforting and sustaining assurances of domestic felicity. Mrs. Rankin came of good people, high in the social scale of Tennessee. They were men and women of attainment, educated and refined, quite the peers of their surroundings. They began married life equally yoked together, of the same household of the faith.

Imbued with love of liberty, and hating in his soul the system of African slavery, Mr. Rankin determined to remove from its contaminating and enervating influences, so in the fall of 1817, he, with his wife and son, afterwards the Rev. Adam Lowry Rankin, of California, left home and relatives in Tennessee to carve for themselves a new home and career in free Ohio, where by the beneficent provisions of the famous ordinance of 1787, an instrument an American should hold next in value to the Declaration of Independence, there could be no slavery or involuntary servitude except for crime. With family and earthly possessions in one vehicle, it seemed but a meager start in life and a slender equipment with which to meet the manifold demands of an increasing family. They were poor, but understand me, not poor in the sense of squalor and want, but, poor as was Webster, Clay, Benton or as many others who won fame and fortune in after life. Poor only as the families of a frontier settlement were poor, where all were engaged in a common struggle against the elements and their physical needs; where there was sympathy; where there was co-operation; where one leaned upon the other, and the latch string ever hung upon the outside of the door.

This is a very different kind of poverty from that grinding and degrading want we can behold at every turn of the eye at the present day. It was indeed no poverty in the sense we know it at the present time. True, the variety of edibles was scant, but their tastes had never been pampered until they were dulled to all except highly seasoned luxuries. True, the garments worn and at command were not the laced and frilled and plaited affairs worn by the frequenters of the vanity fair of to-day, but they were serviceable and clean; beside, the fashion plate was not the weekly visitor to their humble homes, and the lust of the eye and the pride of life had no lodgement there. If the lot of that generation seemed hard by comparison, remember it was tempered by patience, by hope and by love. I doubt if Mr. Rankin ever regretted the purification and experience gained by the struggles of his early married life.

During his journey north, he halted at Paris, Ky., to spend the Christian's Sabbath. The Presbyterian minister at that place prevailed upon him to preach to the neighboring congregation at Cane Ridge. He did so, and the impression made by his sermon was such that in conjunction with the Concord congregation he was called as pastor. He accepted the call, and for four years remained in charge ministering to the spiritual needs of these people. It was from here we may date the commencement of his anti-slavery work. He busied himself from this time on to the fruition of his hopes, in speaking, writing, printing and organizing opposition to slavery.

While stationed in Kentucky, beginning his ministerial career, the fact that he was qualified to fill acceptably the pulpit vacated by that master mind Barton W. Stone, and largely to counteract the heresies he sustained, is evidence sufficient of his ability. The training he there gave himself was severe, but nevertheless salutary. He commanded no artificial aids, nor enjoyed the treasures of any great library. With him it was brain and the bible. There was at hand no friendly Cyclopaedia, there was no "Helping Hand." He knew the use of no literary crutches such as are furnished by the Homiletic Reviews of this day that renders preaching a trade that can be learned by the mediocre. His only resource was "The Book," and from it and his abilities he was obliged to forge the solid shot and scrapnel that he poured into the ranks of error. This made him a preacher, original in thought and just in application. It strengthened his natural capabilities and made his work effective to such extent that he was enabled to sustain himself in his career without effort.

During Mr. Rankin's residence in Kentucky, three children were added to his home. This determined him to fulfill his resolution not to rear a family upon slave soil. To avoid this he accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church, at Ripley, Ohio, taking charge January 2nd, 1822. Here he remained for forty-four consecutive years, not one week of which he was not busily engaged in ministerial and missionary work. In time there came a division of sentiment regarding his methods, which caused a division in his congregation. The withdrawing members at once called him to be their pastor, and under his direction erected a new church edifice.

I will not enter into the subtle differences that brought about this separation, they have long since been happily healed. It is sufficient to say that during their existence Mr. Rankin's course was moderate and consistent, and it brought about no hiatus in his gospel work. There was not a moment during his long connection in Ripley that he was not the pastor of a church and in active work. His services are well known to the majority of you, either from personal knowledge or tradition.

In 1823 he erected a house on Front street, and for a time resided there. In 1828 he established himself and family in a new home, situated upon the crest of the hill overlooking our town. For thirty-five

years, he resided there, and this was the house that became so widely known as the refuge of the oppressed; the first station of one branch of the famous underground railroad. The light that beamed through the windows of this home was hailed by the fugitive, as the pole star the beacon of freedom, the hope of liberty. During these many years he and family practiced a full abounding, and I may say, a losing hospitality, for they were much imposed upon. My mother has remarked in my hearing scores of times, "though from Kentucky and familiar with the hospitality that rendered that State famous, never have I seen such perfect, though unostentatious welcomes as were extended from that home." No distinction was made in class. All were made to feel at ease.

The common stock of harmless amusements in a village is of necessity small; all must do their part. The large family of boys and girls in this home naturally attracted company. Mr. Rankin put no check upon such gatherings; on the contrary rather encouraged social intercourse, and himself contributed not a little to their enjoyment.

In every way he was progressive. The culture of fruit and berries was an especial characteristic. He enjoyed planting and his taste was discriminating. He not only practiced it himself, but prevailed upon others to do likewise to such extent that one to this day can detect the neighborhoods in which he preached and established societies by the evidences extant of past profusion of fruits. Within my own recollection he had removed from the hill for a period to the intersection of Market and Third, I can well remember the change he wrought in that site. From a ravine, a receptacle for refuse, in time he brought it to a perfection of culture that was a joy to behold. I well remember as a boy the interest I felt in the transformation. He returned to the hill but afterwards removed to a location a little distance away, having more leisure than formerly he planted more abundantly. As a youth, attracted to his house by the companionship of his grandchildren, I have often enjoyed his bounty.

All through his life, Mr. Rankin was ready to attack evil and ignorance, whenever or wherever found, and especially did he exert himself in the cause of temperance, education and creating a sentiment against slavery.

In 1824 he wrote a series of letters addressed to his brother Thomas against slavery, and published them in a local paper called the *Castigator*, edited by Mr. David Ammen. Two years afterwards these letters were published in book form, and scattered broadcast over the country. The awakening to this burning question that immediately followed was marvelous, and no where more so than in this county, largely settled by natives of Virginia, who were familiar with the institution.

These letters were worded with the argumentative force and literary excellence characteristic of Mr. Rankin. These were the first clearly defined anti-slavery views that ever appeared in print west of the mountains. They instantly gave him a national reputation, and while they were instruments of great good, drew down upon their author such a deluge of vituperation and abuse that no man of ordinary force of character could have withstood.

One year after these letters were made public, the Chillicothe Presbytery passed the famous anti-slavery resolutions that are admitted to be the first official action ever taken against this evil by any Ecclesiastical body, and which eventually led to the division of the Presbyterian Church into separate jurisdictions. There is no question in my mind but that the influence exerted by these letters are responsible for this action, and that Mr. Rankin was the moving spirit which arrayed the Presbyterians as a church against slavery.

Mr. Garrison, the famous anti-slavery agitator, pays him the compliment of writing on the fly-leaf of one of his books :

"To REV. JOHN RANKIN, with the profound regards and loving veneration of his anti-slavery disciple and humble co-worker in the cause of emancipation.
WM. LLOYD GARRISON."

Some two years since the versatile correspondent, Mr. George A. Townsend, writing under the pen name of "Gath," took especial pains to ascertain the early history of the anti-slavery movement, and published the result of his investigation. He was outspoken in giving the primary credit of emancipation to Mr. Rankin; in truth, he placed him at the head of them all, recognizing the fact of Mr. Garrison admitting that his inspiration in this direction was drawn from the writings and other public utterances of Mr. Rankin. He also pays deserved tribute to the fortitude and fearlessness displayed by him during the period when it was by no means safe for a man to express abolition sentiments in private, much less to give them publicity.

Understand me, I do not claim Mr. Rankin to have been an originator of the anti-slavery movement, for such claim is precluded by the accident of birth. There had been anti-slavery agitators long before his advent, both in the old world and the new, Mr. Wesley one hundred and thirty years ago had declared slavery to be the sum of all villainies, and Mr. Wilberforce had put himself on record against it. On this side the sea there were many enrolled in opposition previous to Mr. Rankin's birth. In his native state, Lundy and Osborn had lifted their voices against it; but I do declare, from the first of his usefulness to the last, there was no more persistent and insistent opponent on record. Unlike Garrison, Phillips and many others, he coupled this cause with the cause of Christ, and never for one moment in his warfare, lost sight of divine influence. He was not an originator in the sense that Martin Luther was not an originator of the Protes-

tant Reformation. No one could make such statement for him. John Huss and others had expended their energies and offered their lives in the cause before Luther saw the light of this world, yet no one denies Luther's to have been the master mind that laid hold of the cause and by its wisdom and force carried it to successful issue. So with Mr. Rankin. He accepted the issue between slavery and freedom and made it his. He threw himself into the breach and no amount of contumely and threat could drive him from it. He was indeed a brave man, and bravery my friends never goes out of fashion. To-day his memory is enjoying the reflex reward of his faithfulness. That he has had no adequate biography has not been from lack of merit, yet history is not silent upon him, he has been favorable mentioned by Vice Pres. Wilson, by Hon. Geo. W. Julian, by W. L. Garrison, by Gen. Burney, in fact by every prominent writer upon the anti-slavery movement.

Let me say a word or two regarding the many plans for eradicating the evils of slavery, they were quite as varied as the differences between men. At the close of the Revolution it was discernable to the founders of our Union that slavery was wrong and should cease. While the constitution is silent upon the question, it is well known the expectation was, that emancipation could, and would, gradually eliminate the evil. The lovers of liberty were disappointed in this. Occasionally a slave-holder manumitted the elder or worn out servants, once in a great while some slaves were freed by will, but the process was slow, much too slow indeed to be more than perceptible, it needed a molding of public sentiment to hasten the work. Many plans were submitted; some still thought to achieve the end by gradual emancipation, others by colonization, others by fixing by law an age at which those in bondage should be free, others by establishing some sort of a year of jubilee such as is detailed in the Mosaic law. Mr. Rankin was in accord with none of these. He was not a gradual emancipationist, neither a colonizationist, nor anything else save that which promised a speedy settlement of the matter; in fact he was an Abolitionist, pure and simple, favoring by the strong arm of the law, an immediate and total abolition of a system that permitted one human being to hold another in bondage.

He was consistent in this belief throughout life, yet was willing to sanction any means whatever that would bring about the great good. In early life he hoped by Christianizing the slave owners they could be brought to realize the sinfulness of their sin, and hasten to purge themselves of it. To this end he wrote and preached while in Kentucky, for at that time it was quite safe to express such sentiments there. Mr. Rankin frequently remarked that in his youth it was much safer to make an anti-slavery speech in the South than it became during his middle life to make the same speech in the North; not that the people had changed so materially, but greed had taken the place of justice. By the opening of plantations in the states of Alabama, Mississippi,

the Louisiana purchase and Texas, slave labor had grown valuable. It was thought to be indispensable in the raising of cotton. A market was created for bondsmen. It was only after it was found profitable to raise slaves for the purpose of marketing them as chattels, that slavery was fortified, entrenched and defended by law, received the blessing of the southern church, and a political sentiment was created in its favor. Mr. Rankin despaired of his first plan and substituted another, that of buying at national expense all slave property—prices to be fixed by a commission—and all as soon as purchased to go free. If this proved too expensive as an entirety, to select one state at a time and continue until the work was accomplished. Well for our country would it have been had Mr. Rankin's counsel obtained. The cost of carrying out this plan would not have equalled the treasure expended during any one-half year of the civil war, and the sacrifice of human life and property, the breeding of sectional hate, and the bitter memories of a generation avoided. Ten years before the advent of the civil war Mr. Rankin had felt the futility of his hopes. With prophetic eye he had discerned that nothing short of a violent struggle, an upheaval, a sundering of political ties would accomplish the end. In words clear and unmistakable, he proclaimed the freedom of the slave would be by the sword, and prefigured the cost to the nation of life and treasure in so doing. Without claim of the gift of the divine prophecy, yet were his words upon this question true as any in Holy Writ.

As the crisis drew near, he became impatient and sought by every means to arouse public sentiment and draw the lines more sharply. He was tired of temporizing. He knew the shock must come and argued, "Why not be prepared to meet it?" Especially in the Presbyteries and Synods of his church did he labor more abundantly. He had noted a proper feeling develop, but it came too slow; there was halting for individual opinions sake. He knew and brooked no delay. Differences had come aforesaid as the anti-slavery feeling increased; the Presbyterian Church was divided into the Northern and Southern jurisdictions; the Northern again into two schools, the old and the new, ostensibly upon doctrine, but in reality upon slavery. Mr. Rankin was allied to the new school, it being the more progressive of the two, but in time he wearied of their delay and conservatism in dealing with the question. "To let well enough alone" was no argument with him when he knew "well enough" to be wrong. Dissatisfied, he withdrew, and in 1856 founded another school, which he named the Free Presbyterian Church of America, the corner-stone of which was the abolition of slavery. This organization differed in doctrine not at all from the other Presbyterian branches, but in it no slave-holder could be admitted or commune; upon this question it was radical. In the new departure Mr. Rankin proved himself a leader of men. He led, and there followed every local church organization within the bounds of this Presbytery with the exception perhaps of one, and this one divided

upon the question. The Free Church took root in Pennsylvania, and existed so long as there was need for it. After the war it was merged into the general union. Its work had been accomplished. It was demonstrated that the public sentiment against slavery was strong enough to stand alone, and in the end had drawn to it the entire membership of the Northern Church. Mr. Rankin was right and the world acknowledged it.

In educating the people outside of his church he was by no means idle. His efforts were not confined within the pale of his denomination, though he adhered through life to the belief that the church should have been the great moral factor in the work of liberation. He did his part in fostering the growth of political parties that were honest enough and brave enough to entertain anti-slavery views and express them. He had assisted the planting of this handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains. He saw the great storm arise and did his part in directing it. He lived to see the cloud of controversy burst into civil war. He was cognizant of the struggle. He noted the gradual dawn of the necessity of making this country wholly free, and who may say with what exultation he hailed President Lincoln's proclamation; not all he would have wished it, yet enough to commit the government to further action, and guaranteed that from henceforth and forever human liberty would be respected, and never again should the trail of the serpent of slavery mark this land.

During the anti-slavery agitation Mr. Rankin was constant in season and out of season. He was untiring in his efforts and apparently affected by no discouragements. Let me remind the young people present, for thirty years the abolition cause was a very unpopular one throughout the border and West. The slave-holding element was so strongly fortified in public opinion that it was dangerous in many quarters for one to lift his voice against their iniquities. During his numerous lecture tours, Mr. Rankin was subjected to the vilest of persecutions. Church doors were closed against him. The use of public halls was denied him. Families would not receive him. He was repeatedly mobbed, slandered and abused. Letters threatening assassination were common visitors, and if every threat breathed against him had been put into execution he would have been martyred daily. In the face of this attempted intimidation he did not quail. He was a brave man, and pursued the right as he saw it without thought of fear. It is gratifying to know that in all these attacks his body was never bruised with a stone nor his raiment stained by an offensive missile.

Mr. Rankin was active in other lines; busy as he was proclaiming the equal rights of man, he found time to devote to the education of others. To him this was a labor of love and he never grew weary of its work. About 1830 the citizens of Ripley established an institute of learning, chartered under the name of "The Ripley College." Mr. Ran-

kin was its only President, and gave to it his time and talent. It flourished for a season, drawing students from far and near. Unfortunately its founders did not see the importance of an endowment and in consequence it declined. Shortly after, he instituted a Female Seminary upon his farm, erecting buildings suitable for the purpose. After a period, this too ceased. But at all times during his pastorate in Ripley he taught theology and the higher branches of a classic course. Frequently the students were inmates of his home. Among the many whom he fitted for the ministry we may note the familiar names of Isaac Shepherd, George and Smith Poague, Wiley and Milton McClain, W. G. Kephart, Stephen Riggs, Moses Adams, Joseph Gibson, Richard Crozier, and his own sons, Lowry, Samuel and Tappan Rankin, beside many others.

In addition to these, numbers of young men received in whole or in part education sufficient to fit them for the various pursuits of their choice. I name Alex. Campbell, Alexander Dunlap, W. B. and A. N. Wylie, C. Baird, Wm. Tomlinson, James Reynolds, Dr. Alex. Dunlap, James, Huston and Milton Clarke, Wiley McFerran and James and William Porter, all of whom are well known.

In ministerial work, Mr. Rankin did not confine himself within the limits of his congregation. He combined the office of missionary with that of pastor. He preached incessantly. At any time, at any place there was need, he was present. He planted churches and watered them with his care. The Presbyterian societies at Decatur, Russellville, Sardinia, Buford, Huntington, Winchester, Felicity and Cedron attest this statement. All this work he did without compensation. As a laborer in His Master's Vineyard he considered the approval of his conscience and the good resulting, ample reward.

In this connection let me add, he was no time server. In the language of one of his family—"he wrought for the good of the flock and not for the fleece." There was no one year of the forty-four he preached in Ripley that he could not have commanded higher emolument elsewhere. Repeatedly he was called to other churches at higher salaries, notably while attending the General Assembly held in Philadelphia, he preached to a congregation in the city, upon his return he received from them a call at a salary more than five times as great as the one he was receiving. Two years later a similar call came from New York; these calls in turn were submitted to his congregation with the statement, if they desired him to continue, he would do so even without salary. His affection for this charge overruled all money consideration.

During his life he wrote much, and commanding the pen of a ready writer, issued through the press many books and pamphlets, among them, "Letters upon Intemperance," "Letters upon Slavery," "A Treatise on Baptism," "An Antidote to Unitarianism," "The Soldier, the Battle and the Victory," "Letters Signed by a Son of a Blacksmith," be-

sides many tracts published by the American Tract Society, of which he was President for more than twenty years,

He was preeminently a busy man; he came from an active race. The Rankins of every generation have been noted for their fidelity to state as well as to church, and were ever to be counted as staunch defenders of both. In the direct line since their landing in America, beginning with Thomas Rankin, grand-father of the subject of this sketch, running through to the latest generation, there was never a war of defense that the name of Rankin was not enrolled as a defender. Four of the sons of this ancestor fought through the Revolution, under Gen. Washington, of the family of Richard, (father of Mr. Rankin) four sons fought in the war of 1812, under General Jackson. One of them dying upon the field of battle. In the war of the Rebellion, of the eight living sons of Mr. Rankin, six of them were regularly enrolled, as also an orphan grandson reared under his roof, while the remaining two did what they could in other lines for success of the union of the family, counting its collateral branches, it is computed that of the descendants of Thos. Rankin no less than seventy-two of them were union soldiers in the last war; thus did they show forth the courage of their convictions. In the church among the same descendants there can be counted twenty-one regular Presbyterian, one Cumberland Presbyterian and two Methodist ministers, of a truth this family is ever ready to defend both God and country. It is a record of which to be proud.

The stock is not decaying, of Mr. Rankin's descendants, there are one hundred living to-day. The combined ages of his 9 living children will aggregate 608 $\frac{1}{4}$ years. A good staying race is this.

I have briefly sketched the life of the Rev. John Rankin, far too briefly to give an adequate idea of his greatness. A word as to his characteristics. In personal appearance he was prepossessing, neat in dress and erect in carriage. In stature, under the average height. In disposition genial, fond of anecdote, and readily enlisted in the affairs of others. He was a modest man. Upon occasion refused the title of Doctor of Divinity, saying, it would neither enhance his reputation nor add to his usefulness. In preaching or lecturing his style was extempore. In argument he was logical; in language concise; with clear voice and perfect intonation he was easily heard by the largest congregations. The cadences of his sentences fell pleasantly upon the ear. He was an earnest man in all things, and an honest one in his convictions. His career, though in action stormy, in purpose was ever serene. He lived to enjoy the fruition of his labors and hopes, and in old age, like Moses, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." He knew the land to be free and an enfranchised race enjoying political liberty; he beheld a regenerated South catching step in the great march of prosperity; he saw the several branches of his beloved Presbyterian Church in the North united in one harmonious whole, with

nothing discordant or rebellious to mar its harmony. He enjoyed his meed of fame for the good he had done; his traducers were hushed; his enemies put to an open shame, and every prophecy of his fulfilled. Fitting end of so good a life.

Upon the 18th of March, 1886, in the city of Ironton, O., surrounded by relatives, at the ripe age of ninety-three and past, he fell asleep. We know he "made the Lord his refuge, even the most high God his habitation," for he enjoyed the promise of God to the just: "With long life will I satisfy him and show him My salvation."

I cannot close without saying a word regarding Mrs. Rankin. For sixty-three years she shared her husband's sorrows and added to his joys. If we glorify the husband we should not be silent as to the wife. Her walk in life was not a sinecure—yet all the days of it she was a comforting and sustaining force. The part of economy was hers. The planning and contriving of ways and means, and the general direction of home affairs came within her province. The cares of oft-recurring maturity taxed her energies and called forth the activities of life. During her husband's frequent journeys she was left to her own resources, and there was never a moment that she could be free from anxiety. As the shades of night would gather, apprehensions must needs arise; the vengeful slave-hunter might be abroad, and her home was a sure target of search. Security of peace and quiet was at no time certain, yet through all these trials she did a wife's part and more. In the battle of life she conquered under the cool shade of domestic obscurity, yet was no less victor than if crowned.

In the end it is fitting that upon the same plat of ground their remains should together lie, resting near the scene of their labors, awaiting the general resurrection, for their spirits have received each a crown of glory from Him, the eternal God, to whose service their lives had been dedicated, forever and forever, to share in joys that have no ending.

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ADDRESS BY J. S. ATWOOD.

DEAR FRIENDS—The grand and gallant hero of liberty, The Rev. John Rankin, who sleeps beneath the tomb, and whose remains make the earth sacred in which they rest, when living was one of the world's brightest jewels; man's greatest benefactor, liberty's champion and the tyrant's terror. Nature's God planted in his bosom pure and untarnished principles, loyalty and obedience to the laws and commandments of God, patriotism to his country and devotion to freedom, the richest gem known to the human family. He was a true and tried friend of the oppressed, and was always found fighting human bondage, which degrades man, wipes out his ambition, blasts his hopes and dims the star of life. There is no sunshine for a bondsman. Misery

and woe are his nearest companions. Mr. Rankin knowing this fact, put forth all the energy, effort and power that God had clad him with to break the bondsman's yoke and let the oppressed go free.

The liberty that is perched upon every hill and mountain, and rustling through every vale in this broad land of America, singing welcome to the once enslaved people of the United States, is the reward of the many true and fervent prayers made to Almighty God. Yes, his tender mercy, loving kindness and honest pleadings for the oppressed touched the kind heart of God, and that Infinite and Holy Being spoke through the cannon's fiery breath upon the battle fields, and demanded of the tyrants the freedom of which every person is the rightful inhabitant.

Here lies by the side of our noble hero beneath the tomb, Mrs. Jean Rankin. This noble, generous, kind and loving wife shared her husband's troubles, bore his burdens, and made his home a place of peace, comfort, rest, joy and happiness. She always gladly welcomed the fleeing fugitive in her house who was following the North Star, hastening to the shores of Canada, a land of the free and home of the brave.

My dear friends, I am proud, yes more than proud, that Mr. Rankin lived to see slavery wiped out, and liberty reign triumphant in America. Our giant hero made a name of fame, erected a temple of honor and built a monument of liberty that will never perish.

Honored friends, to raise the veil from the statue of Mr. Rankin, the world's martyr to liberty, is the proudest act of my life and fills my heart with joy. I now present to you Mr. Rankin in statue, God's chosen divine of liberty.

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REMARKS OF REV. A. T. RANKIN.

Rev. Arthur T. Rankin, D. D., Greensburg, Ind., said: This large, rough stone is the work of man, but the smoothe statue on the top is the work of woman's hands. And as much has been said of father, I, after a little, will speak chiefly of mother.

While visiting at the house where father was born, my uncle said, "there has been family worship in this house for a hundred years." And at my request he conducted that service as his father did a century ago, reading God's word and kneeling to claim its promises in prayer. In that I found the key to the power that sent four sons into the ministry. After drinking from the old spring of which I had heard father speak so often, I went to another near Washington College, whence came the first water that passed mother's lips, and lying down with my mouth in the cool water, I drank in loving remembrance of her. Her father, Adam Lowry was trustee in the college founded by her grandfather, Rev. Samuel Doake, D. D., and under his tuition she got her education.

Rev. John Rankin married Jean Lowry, Rev. Alex. T. Rankin D. D., married Mary Lowry; Rev. Robert Rankin married Eliza Lowry; and Aunt Lucinda Lowry told me that Rev. W. C. Rankin asked her hand, but she replied three Rankin preachers married into the Lowry family is enough.

And I remember Uncle William saying to me, "your father never would have been the man he is if he had not married old Irish Adam Lowry's daughter Jean." I told father and he smiled as pleased a smile, if possible, as that upon the statue, but answered not a word.

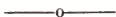
Mother got as good an education as she could privately, with the President of the college. In those days there were no such beautiful sights as we had to-day in that large choir of ladies and gentlemen in your High School. But to-day both sexes are being educated together in Washington College, and my daughter Jean is teaching there.

It is through mother that we are related to this large gathering of aunts and cousins; Lowry's, Carey's, McNishes, all well known in Ripley. They can mingle with me in pride of our ancestors through the Lowrys and Doaks.

Mother made the coat in which father was married, also the one in which he celebrated the golden wedding, and the same busy fingers made the entire outfit in which I delivered the valedictory of my class in college. And my honored friend J. S. Atwood, your honored townsman, whose voice you have heard to-day, will tell you I was well dressed; the same hand fashioned the clothes in which I did the honors at Lane Seminary, and then buttoned up for my own wedding. Though she had nine boys to sew for none went in rags.

Mother was a brave woman. I see a number here who went with me when they took the most helpless company of fugitives; and your streets were full of men who were hunting them for the \$5000 reward.

When we started from yonder house on the hill in the dark, mother was left alone. But she was not afraid. Her trust was in God.



ADDRESS BY REV. W. A. JACKSON.

I am proud of the honor to have a part in the unveiling ceremonies of this monument, and shall never forget the occasion.

The opening services were emblematical of him who predicated his labors upon a spiritual foundation, that the superstructure of life's labors may rest upon a sure foundation and thereby hope for success.

The music furnished by the Union Schools is fitting, for he was one of the greatest educators this country ever knew, and for him who rests beneath that monument to have seen the mingling of all races in a Union School as it was in the Presbyterian Church this morning, to Rev. Rankin it would have been a delight far beyond our telling. Yes, unlike the account given of an ex-Confederate soldier,

when walking down the streets of New Orleans in company with a Republican member of the state legislature; he saw a yard full of colored youths playing. "What!" says he, "is this a 'nigger' school?" His Republican escort replied, "surely we cannot be mistaken," and with a blasphemous exclamation the ex-Confederate suddenly left his side. It was a wondrous sight for many to behold the first plantings of schools for colored children in the South. It stirred their sandy passions

There was found at the residence of Rev. Rankin colored children, born of white fathers and colored mothers, who had been sent to him for board and education by their white fathers from six Southern states, viz.: Alabama, Louisiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Arkansas and Mississippi.

This bust and shaft is a tribute to his father who fought under Washington, and to four of his brothers who fought under Jackson, the war of 1812, and especially to his brother David, whose remains are still upon the battle field. Of him let me say:

"No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown.
We will find him and know him
Among the good and true,
High up in heaven,
When a robe of white is given,
For the faded coat of blue."

This bust and shaft is also a tribute to his nine sons, each of whom rendered material aid in the war of the rebellion.

The rendering of an anthem by an Afro-American choir—the choir of my church—(Rev. Jackson is a member of the Colored M. E. Church,) at the unveiling of this monument is a tribute they offer with a strong, united, inseparable, consecrated powers to the memory of Rev. J. Rankin, who, when in life, offered his best wisdom, his best strength and his best love for us. He did this, not for our gold, nor silver, or treasures, for we had none. He was not like many who prated vociferously of God and lived and died out of God, but Mr. Rankin lived in God. He realized our condition as

"Plunged in a gulf of despair,"
We helpless sons and daughters lay,
Without one beam of freedom's hope,
Or spark of liberty's day.
With pitying eyes the friend of slaves,
Beheld our helpless grief.
He saw, and O! amazing love,
He flew to our relief.

Again, we will ever remember Rev. John Rankin and wife as
"Freedom's Heroes."

ADDRESS OF REV. S. G. W. RANKIN.

MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS and the numerous descendants of our dear parents: It is with deep interest and many precious memories that we gather here from all parts of our land to dedicate this monument erected to perpetuate the memory of two of the purest lives that the world's history ever knew. Lives that were marked by a peculiar nobleness and generosity as well as of self-sacrificing devotion to all the wants of our common humanity. This monument erected out of a deep sense of filial affection, is largely a conception of my own, after consulting some of the most eminent artists of our land. It is purposely rough hewn, indicating the character of the pioneer work of our grand and heroic father and mother. It is from the old granite quarries of Vermont, indicating the abiding character of the life work of our parents in behalf of human freedom. Freedom's heroes is all the epitaph they need.

We are proud to have been born of such heroic ancestry. It makes us think better of our race, that persons worthy of such immortal fame belonged to it. Better citizens, our country never knew. More heroic devotion to the cause of universal freedom, our country never saw. A deeper patriotism in the time of our country's great peril never dwelt in human bosom. One of the proudest days of our father's life was when it was developed by the historic research of the war records, that he had furnished more sons for the defence of the Union than any other minister in this country. And such was the devotion and patriotism of our mother for our country's salvation, that she said to me as I was on my way down to the army of the Cumberland: "Samuel, you will see Arthur on your way?" Yes, I replied, have you any message for him? "Yes, tell him he is the only one left, and I only hold him as a reserve. As soon as he hears of a break in the lines, tell him to spring to the gap. God be with him and I will take care of his children." Hail! all hail!! to such a mother! Hail! all hail!! to the country that is filled with such mothers. So true and so devoted to their country's welfare. Our government's foundations are sure for a thousand generations so long as it is filled with mothers, so true to their country's welfare.

May this monument remain as a sacred shrine—the true Mecca to which our descendants unborn shall make their pilgrimages and gather new inspiration for life's noble work.

A TRIBUTE TO REV. JOHN RANKIN.

[Written the day of the funeral obsequies, March 21, 1886.]

BY MRS. LUCY D. SNEDAKER.

Farewell, brave old soldier,
Thy battles are o'er;
No more for the slave
 Shall thy gauntlet be flung.
Thou hast fought and hast conquered,
And freedmen to-day
Have borne thy frail form
 And thy requiem sung.

Farewell, dear old pilgrim,
Thy warfare is o'er;
The sunlight of heaven around thee is cast,
 Thy weak, weary footsteps
Can falter no more;
There is light on the hills
 And the shadows are past.

Thou hast knocked, faithful pilgrim,
And not long shalt thou wait,
For spirits like thee
 To the angels are dear.
Glad sentinels stand,
To open the gate,
And welcome and bliss,
 Are waiting thee there.

Farewell, dear old pastor,
 The casket is here,
Where icy and cold
 The fierce March winds blow.
'Tis borne by thy friends
 To the chancel stand,
And its sable is covered
 With the drifting snow.
But the storms of life
 Are over for thee,
In that home above
 Is thy spirit free.

Thy welcome, dear shepherd,
 At heaven's own door,
 "Well done, faithful servant,
 Thy labors are o'er;
 The lambs of thy flock
 That thou cared'st for so well,
 Have waited thee long
 The sweet story to tell,
 Of the silvery streams and the joys untold,
 In the fair bright realms,
 Of God's own fold."

Farewell, staunch old pilgrim,
 What a throng of the blest,
 Are poised on bright pinions
 To welcome thee now,
 While a crown is uplifted,
 By the "Lamb that was slain,"
 And its stars shed their radiance,
 On thy glorified brow.

Farewell, may the path
 Thou hast marked for us here,
 Lead us onward and upward,
 To heaven's own sphere,
 Where, redeemed by the blood
 Of Christ we shall stand,
 And worship together
 At God's right hand.

A HISTORY OF REV. JOHN RANKIN'S ANCESTORS.

The first part of this history was found with Henry L. Rankin, of Hemstead, Texas, the grandson of Rev. Adam Rankin, of Lexington, Ky., herein mentioned, whose library he had. The second part was furnished by Richard D. Rankin, who lived and died at the age of 92 years, in the house in which he was born, in Jefferson county, Tenn. The remainder of this history was furnished by Capt. R. C. Rankin:

During the religious persecutions in the latter part of the sixteenth century in Scotland, and after the assassination of two brothers, the Rankin family fled to Dennegall Co., Ireland, in 1689. William Rankin had three sons who came to America in 1720. Adam, John and Hugh landed at Philadelphia, Pa., and settled on farms in Chester Co., Pa. Adam Rankin married a Miss Mary Steel, and had three

sons, James, William and Jeremiah. The latter was born in 1733. Their father, Adam Rankin, died in 1750. Jeremiah Rankin was united in marriage to Rachel Craig in 1754. To them were born three sons. Adam was born in 1755, and became a minister and came into Kentucky with a colony of Presbyterians, and founded a church where Lexington now stands. He died in 1827 while on a pilgrimage to Palistine. The other two sons were Thomas and Jeremiah. Henry L. Rankin and John Rankin, of Houston, Texas, are grand sons of the Rev. Adam Rankin. And it was with them this record was found.

John Rankin, one of the three brothers who came to America in 1720, was married to Jane McElvee. To them was born two sons before leaving Ireland, Thomas and Richard. This Thomas Rankin sold his farm in Pennsylvania at the close of the war of the Revolution for continental money and lost it, and emigrated to Green county, Tenn., in 1784. The four older sons fought under Washington for American independence. Thomas died at the age of 88 years, leaving six sons and six daughters, as follows: John, born 1754, died 1825; Richard, born 1756, died 1827; William, born 1758, died 1833; Samuel, born 1760, died 1828; Thomas, born 1772, died 1821; James, born 1770. The five older brothers were all elders in the Presbyterian Church. Their father and his descendants held the office of ruling elders in New Bethel Church, Green county, Tenn., for 95 consecutive years.

Richard Rankin, Sen., son of John Rankin, and a brother to Thos. Rankin above described, emigrated from Pennsylvania to Augusta Co., Va., at the close of the Revolutionary war. His sons were John, Richard, Joseph, Anthony, and James. Richard Rankin, the second son of Thomas Rankin, was the father of Rev. John Rankin, who was stationed at Ripley, Ohio, for a period of 44 years, administering to the Presbyterians of that city. Richard Rankin's wife was Jane Steel and to them was born eleven sons and one daughter, four of whom were in the war of 1812 with Jackson as follows: Samuel S., Thomas, David and William. Four were Presbyterian ministers as follows: John, William, Alexander and Robert. The Rev. John Rankin had six sons in the war of the rebellion as follows: Rev. Adam L., Capt. 113th Illinois; Richard C., 1st Lieut. Co. H, 12th O. V. I., first call, 1st Sergeant 4th Ind't Co., O. V. C., from July 9th to June 23rd, 1862, and Captain 7th O. V. C. from August 1862, to July, 1865. Rev. Samuel G. W. was assigned to the Eleventh Corps and came out with it under General Hooker. He was connected with the Christian Commission. John T. went out with the 116th Illinois, and was afterwards made Q. M. of the U. S. Colored. Dr. A. C. Rankin was Assistant Sergeant of the 88th Illinois, and was retained for several months after the close of the war in charge of Hospital No. 5 at Camp Nelson, Ky. Wm. A. Rankin was commissioned a Captain and Assistant Q. M. by Pres. Lincoln and served on the staff of Col. LeGrange, Gen. McCook, commanding 1st Division, C. C. M. D. M., and Gen. Wilson, commanding C. C. M. D. M.

John C. Rankin, a grand-son of the Rev. John Rankin, and brought up under his roof, served with Capt. R. C. Rankin from August, 1862, until July, 1865. He was not 19 years old when mustered out. Rev. Arthur T. Rankin was mustered into the army, but did not remain long with it. Thomas L. was some two years with the 23d Corps in some capacity or other. He went with it to Knoxville, Tenn., with Burnside's. He was with the wagon train. The Rev. Alexander Rankin, D. D., had but two sons, and both were in the Union army. Dr. Sylvester and Wm. L. were their names. Rev. Robert Rankin had but two sons, Alexander and John R. Rankin. The first was connected with the Q. M. department, and the latter was a Lieutenant in the 2nd Kansas, and commanded a company at Wilson Creek, where Gen. Lyon fell, and after that was Adjutant General on the staff of Gen. Mitchell till the close of the war.

It would be well to mention here that the wives of the three brothers, Rev. John, Rev. Alexander and Rev. Robert were all three sisters, and they were grand-daughters of the Rev. Samuel Doake, D. D., who founded the first institution of learning west of the Alleghenies, at Jonesborough, Washington county, East Tenn. They were also blood relatives of Gen. Sam Houston, of Texas notoriety; also of Robert McUen, over whose house the national flag floated in Nashville, Tenn., during the whole of the rebellion.

Samuel S. Rankin had two sons in the Third Illinois Cavalry, Hamilton and Theophilus. The latter, a Lieutenant, was murdered by bushwackers six miles out from Memphis, Tenn., receiving the contents of six shot-guns concealed in a stable near the road. A few years ago Richard D. Rankin, a brother of Rev. John Rankin, (who lived and died in the house in which he was born, at the age of 92, in Jefferson county, Tenn.,) wrote an article for a Knoxville paper, in which he named and gave the services of 72 of the descendants of Thomas Rankin, who served in the Union army in the war of the rebellion. Most of these were from East Tennessee. And that not one of his descendants that bore the name of Rankin ever gave aid and comfort to the rebellion.

A record of which to be proud.

Major C. H. Blackburn, of Cincinnati, in his speech at Ripley on Decoration Day, 1892, paid the Rev. John Rankin a high tribute, and spoke of him as the originator of the Anti-Slavery movement.

